









## FARMER AYER'S ANGER.

## A TERROR TO HORSE-THIEVES AND HIS DAUGHTER'S LOVERS.

Life of an Eccentric Iowa Farmer—Strange Complications Which Put Him Under Arrest

(From the Chicago Herald.)

The following obituary notice, which appeared in some of the Chicago daily papers last Thursday morning, marks the close of a life not especially eventful, but one which was redeemed from monotony at least by an incident which is still remembered by many citizens of Governor Boies' State:

ROSE GROVE (Ia.), November 12th.—Herbert M. Ayer, the wealthiest farmer in Hardin county, died yesterday afternoon. He was a man of eccentric habits, and had devoted the last twenty years of his life to an attempt to make the county seat from Eldora, owing to a mistake many years ago which resulted in his arrest at that place on a charge of horse-stealing.

Herbert Ayer was indeed an eccentric character. He was one bunch of the most complex nerves that ever answered to the name of man. In a very early day he pushed beyond the ordinary lines of pioneers and pitched his tent in Hardin county, pre-empted a homestead and settled down to win some sort of a fortune from the luxuriant soil. He had brought no wealth beyond that implied in the possession of a good team and wagon, together with a very slender outfit of farming tools, but he worked so industriously and seemed to learn the peculiarities of the new soil and climate so readily that in two years' time he had a most promising start toward a home. He disappeared suddenly one autumn just after corn was gathered, and was gone until Thanksgiving Day, when he arrived at his farm and surprised the Swedish land lord in charge of the stock by introducing his wife. She was a strong-built, dark-haired woman, not particularly handsome, but was armed against her husband's wildest nervous shocks by the most perfect self-possession imaginable. She was never excited; he was seldom calm. She was never angry; he was often in a rage. She was a clean, but not a rapid housekeeper; he was not a perfect workman, but could accomplish more results in a day than any three men of his acquaintance.

In course of time two children were born to this pair, the elder, a girl, who grew up in great beauty, inheriting her father's nervous nature, tempered by her mother's calm reserve force. The children accumulated years and experience as their father accumulated wealth, and by the time Agnes Ayer was 18 her father was in rather better shape financially than any farmer in the township. He was still pursued by the demon of irascibility, and had cursed nearly every neighbor in turn, but his seasons of wrath were ways succeeded by the most generous of tempers, and at such times he was the foremost man in Hardin county to lend a helping hand.

There was one subject the mention of which would change his most placid countenance into a visage of rage, and that was horse-stealing. Gentlemen who lived by nocturnal borrowing of choice farm horses had laid Hardin county under tribute for so long that a society known as the "Anti-Horse-thief Association" was formed, and Ayer was elected officer of the branch having jurisdiction of the western half of the county. He had never lost any horses himself, but he had on four different occasions been roused from his slumbers just in time to protect his property and to see ill-meaning men galloping away into the night. At such times he would alarm the household with the most unearthly yells, would charge into the night with two revolvers and a shotgun, screaming and shooting like one possessed, and escaping self-mutilation only by a succession of miracles which ceased when he ran out of ammunition. His wild awakenings always alarmed the neighborhood for miles around and secured substantial immunity for horseflesh throughout his territory.

He arranged a series of signals in his house connecting the barn, granary and smoke-house with a primitive alarm clock in his bedroom by stringing fine wires over pulleys so that no intruder could enter a gate nor approach any of the store-houses of his wealth without setting a peal of bells ringing and flattens by the ears right at his bedside, and so lightly did he sleep that at the first intimation of danger conveyed by his strange device he was out of bed, snatching firearms from every shelf and charging from one outthrust to another in the thinnest of reindeer. So well were his peculiarities known that Agnes' admirers were content to do their courting under the broad light of day, and in a manner so unimpassioned that father and mother might pass by the property of every act. But, handsome and good as the girl was, this stilted sort of devotion warned away many choice lovers, till Lyle King's father moved into the county and found a farm adjoining Ayer's. Old Reub King was a quiet, but very successful farmer, and the young man had been given advantages of education unusual in those days. He was handsome, strong and determined, and when he found his admiration for Agnes Ayer was reciprocated he would have won her for his wife in spite of all the fire alarms in Iowa.

In 1868, notwithstanding the very vigorous efforts of the anti-horse-thief clubs, the prevalence of horse-stealing had become so marked that scarcely a week passed without a neighborhood alarm being raised. Four times during that year—a year made memorable by the first election of General Grant to the Presidency—the regulators succeeded in capturing thieves in the very act of stealing horses, and turned them over to a Sheriff who knew better than to permit their escape, and who knew his business sufficiently well to impel a jury pledged to convict on any reasonable evidence. The regulators found some difficulty in fitting a name to their class of service, and the legend "Member of the Anti-Horse-Thief Association" was abbreviated into "horse-thief," for short. All the members were spoken of familiarly by the farmers and merchants and by each other as "horse-thieves," and they took a grim satisfaction in the name which boded no good to the actual stealers of horses. As the campaign closed and matters began to adjust themselves to natural limits again, the rights of property seemed for once to be observed in the country, but by some strange shifting of causes petty thieving in the towns became so prevalent that all the aid of Marshals paid and sworn to protect could not make property safe. Pilferers fairly overran the county seats and finally became so bold that burglaries were of nightly occurrence, and a better way was found that a spirit of the sternest indignation seized upon the people, and they swore vengeance on the first unlucky wight who should be detected stealing.

But through the heat of the campaign young Lyle King, who chanced to be a Democrat, found harder lines in paying court to Agnes than if he had been a horse-thief himself. He was not looked upon with any favor by Herbert Ayer, no matter what he did, and though he overhauled a horse-thief single-handed one morning of October 31st, he lost all the glory it won him by voting for Horatio Seymour November 6th. But, if love can laugh at locksmiths, with how much more of humor can it smile at nervous old farmers who surround their treasures with wire alarms. Lyle loved Agnes, and she was glad of it, and gave back the tender passion with interest beyond the dreams of

usury. Kind friends conspired to help them, and wrote a note to the girl, setting the light when her lover would come after her. In the darkness of midnight Agnes arose from her couch, dressed in her Sunday raiment and crept from the house to find her lover waiting in a spring wagon in the shadow of the orchard. Being well acquainted with the location of the wires by which her father had set a guard about his house, she easily escaped into the roadway without attracting attention, and joined young King in his newly painted buggy. They took their trip driving to Eldora, rode coast for neither clerk nor clergyman were to be looked for there early in the morning. The miles had passed in peace, and just at dawn they drove up to the little hotel, which was ample accommodation for the city's transient guests, and asked for breakfast. The landlord eyed them closely as he led them into the parlor, and asked them where they were from. Young King was not ready to make any admissions as yet, and so in an equivocal way said:

"We are from the West," which was strictly true, but not especially satisfying. Breakfast was served them, and just as they sat down to eat an officer marched in and presented a warrant, arresting runway bride and groom on a charge of stealing.

King seized a chair and swore he would allow no man to offer insult to a lady in his company, but a crowd rushed in from the bar-room, and both the young people were hustled off to jail, where they were given separate apartments. The only information volunteered them was that so many thieves were abroad in the land it was thought best to look up all suspicious characters. It was believed they were members of a burglar gang, and at all events they would have to wait until their wives' horses had been rifled and could come and inspect the latest captures.

But, if trouble had alighted on the banners of young Lyle and his bride, the king of troubles had fastened the talons in the hair of Herbert Ayer. His daughter's disappearance had not been successful enough for him, but he had made a rash descent on the old man's stable an hour later. As it was, the moon had just passed meridian, when some blundering outlaw tripped on the wire before the stable door, and knocked down tin and ironware enough in the Ayer bedchamber to alarm a garrison. It roused the farmer soon enough, and he dashed from the house, shooting and swearing with astounding emphasis until he saw his stock was safe, when he returned to the house to dress and pursue the villainous bedchamber to a garrison. It roused the farmer soon enough, and he dashed from the house, shooting and swearing with astounding emphasis until he saw his stock was safe, when he returned to the house to dress and pursue the villainous bedchamber to a garrison.

"Go wake the girl," shrieked the farmer, as he danced about, trying to force a right foot into a left shoe.

"She is not there," said the wife calmly, as she returned to the room.

"Great guns and little fishes," roared the farmer, backing around the room in search of his galluses. He dashed upon the wire in the room after room, yelling like a demon, and demanding impossible things of every inmate of the household.

"She has run away with that — Democrat!" shrieked the old man, as he came rushing down the stairway. "Hit up the neighbors, and the sully —" and the hired man was in the stable before the command was fairly uttered. Old Ayer rode that morning as he never had ridden before. Horse-thieves he hanged! He would watch the girl or kill the man who had stolen her, and the sully —

"Oh, you're a horse-thief, are you?" said the Sheriff, reassured. "Well, you go on remembering, I'm pledged to help the farmers of Hardin county against all horse-thieves," and he went away in rising hope.

At 10 o'clock the Justice Court was crowded to the walls. A young man and a young woman had been arrested at the hotel charged with some of the many thefts with which the county had been cursed. They had come into the city in the gray of early morning, and had refused to give any reasonable account of themselves. The girl was pretty and the man was full of fight, though he still refused to give a word in explanation of his strange conduct. Everybody attended court and wished the justice were less tardy. He came at last, a sensible old man, knowing how the votes lay, and while he arranged his papers the officers brought in young Lyle King and Agnes Ayer, married John Doe and Reuben King in a legal arrest, "what's these young people charged with?"

"Oh, some burglary," said the Justice. "You keep still."

"But, my God! I can't keep still. That's my daughter, Agnes. She never stole a thing in her life. And that's my neighbor Reub King's boy, Lyle. He's a Democrat, but he won't steal. Great guns! You can't hold them for robbery. They've run off to get married. Just hold 'em till I get out, but don't say they stole."

Lyle King was almost too crushed by the awful infamy of that hour in a county jail to lift his head, and he only stood beside the girl to shield her from those curious, insulting eyes that marked her beauty and believed her crime. But he thanked the old farmer with all his heart, and as the words of exculpation dropped from the nervous lips he turned to the Justice.

"You see how it is, squire," he said, "and why I didn't want to say a word. That old man told the truth. Your people ought to have him released. He don't offer leave his farm except to chase a horse-thief or a lover"—this last with a glance of triumph at the pioneer—"but he's as honest as a gold dollar."

No one appearing to prosecute this pair on charges of petty larceny, young Lyle King and the girl were released, and the gratulations of half the audience. But so great was their confusion that they were outside the Court-room before they knew just what had happened. Then Lyle King, who caught a vague suspicion that he was being deceived, began to see the comical side of it all, she gathered strength and went with him to the Court-house, where a crowd stood by and saw them plight their troth.

But farmer Ayer had no such easy sail. He thanked the old farmer with all his heart, and as the words of exculpation dropped from the nervous lips he turned to the Justice.

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give accusers a chance to identify their man.

"I won't go back to jail," roared Ayer. "You hain't got men enough to lock me up again. I've caught half the thieves in Hardin county; I pay tax on 600 acres of land, as your Treasurer's books will show; I'm no outlaw; I'll fight, but I won't go back to jail for nothing."

And fight he would, only that son-in-law, new to such dignity, strong in a leisurely breakfast and fair in a toilet refreshed, came into Court and offered to go bail for the old man to any amount the Justice might name.

"I can't take bail," said the perplexed Court.

"Yes, you can. This ain't no murder," said young Lyle King.

"Yes, you can," said the Sheriff. And Lyle swore to the ownership of wealth enough to insure the prisoner's return when wanted, and all hands left the dingy Justice Court.

For months old Farmer Ayer was bowed down in spirit. He would not set his trap. He seemed changed utterly for nearly a year, and then he set about the scheme which occupied him almost incessantly till his death. He hated Eldora, and never entered the town after the day when his citizens had gazed at him in prison. The iron of revenge had entered his soul, and all other angers were trivial. He didn't forgive his daughter for her marriage, but her mother did, and he allowed her and her husband to come and go as they saw fit, even walking over with his wife some Sundays to see their tidy farm and cozy home. But, when his spirits rose again, he set about removing the county seat from Eldora to Rose Grove, which place he meant to name Avershire. His reason may have been affected by that awful hour in jail, but his reason was sound, and there was never a day when county politicians felt safe from his assaults upon the seat of local government. But he was an honest, prosperous farmer, all knew that, and not a man or woman in the county was proud to do him honor. And when the chief made a rash descent on the old man's stable an hour later, as it was, the moon had just passed meridian, when some blundering outlaw tripped on the wire before the stable door, and knocked down tin and ironware enough in the Ayer bedchamber to alarm a garrison.

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## ASTOLOFF'S PLONGEUR.

## IT WILL CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN TWENTY-SIX HOURS.

If It Proves a Success It Will Be the Greatest Invention of the Age.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Leonide Apostoloff, a young Cossack engineer, whose name is hardly known outside his own country, claims to have made a discovery and patented an invention destined to change the face of the maritime world. Wild as his claim may sound, for he asserts that his invention will enable us to cross the Atlantic in twenty-six hours, there is enough substance in his dream to have secured him three years' leave of absence by the Russian Government in order that he may prosecute his scientific researches. M. Apostoloff elected to study at Marseilles. There a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* called upon him. M. Apostoloff is tall and dark, his face speaks energy and great determination. He is eight-and-twenty.

"Is it true," asked our representative, "that you expect to perform the voyage from here to Algiers in four hours?"

"Certainly," replied M. Apostoloff. "My boat will travel 100 knots an hour, that is to say, five times quicker than the fastest steamer. I have applied to navigation the spiral principle, that is all."

"But what is the spiral principle?"

"It is somewhat difficult to put into words, but I believe I can longer to hammer a nail into the wall than to screw it in. Again, in old days the ball from a gun went thus—straight at its object and hit perhaps at a hundred yards. Now the ball is twisted out and goes immensely far and much further. Still another illustration: Why does a man swim? Because he agitates his arms and legs, you reply. Very good. But why does a serpent swim?"

"You do not know? Perhaps you did not even know that he who swims our first motion is to swim at all. Yet a serpent once in the water goes quicker along than the fastest fish."

"What suggested this idea to you?"

"When I was quite a young fellow my regiment was ordered to Samara, where a piece of timber was found. The timber was a singularly bereft of stones, and as they were absolutely necessary in making the foundations of the bridge, the moujiks extracted them from the bed of the current itself. And how? By means of an ingenious intent in their own power. A rope was coiled several times around the trunk of a large tree; to the other dangled an iron ball named koschka, which signifies a little cat's claw. At a touch from the hand the beam turned round in the water, the rope unwinding itself with the rapidity of lightning, and the claw clutched hold of anything it found in the bed of the river, and at a reverse touch the beam brought it up to the surface. Sometimes very large stones were brought up in this manner. This struck me greatly. How intent of these poor fellows to have discovered the spiral principle for themselves. Simply dropping the rope into the water would not have been of any good. If you doubt this, try it for yourself with a pencil and bit of thread."

"Then I suppose you began trying experiments?"

"Just so. I tried many experiments, wishing also to discover some new motor to drive my boat along. But the great principle of the thing lay in the spiral idea."

"But how can you apply the pencil and thread plan to a boat?"

"Thus: My boat to look at it is not unlike a long, rather pointed, egg in shape, an egg round which has been twisted a piece of string. It will move rapidly in fact, the difference between the speed of my boat and the modern steamer will be to quote myself again—the difference between a blunt nail driven into the wall and a nail screwed in. You are wondering how the passengers will be well inside, for this egg-shaped form is only an outside shell. Inside, fastened securely to the beam running through it, is an inner shell, cabin, etc., which remains absolutely steady as if on land. You perceive that the rider is both perpendicular and horizontal. This enables the steamer to direct the boat up or down under the water, a thing the usual torpedo boat cannot do. This is, roughly speaking, a torpedo boat—half in and half out of the water. My Bateau Plongeur will remain habitually under water."

"Of what material will your Plongeur be made?"

"Of the strongest steel, to enable it to resist the great pressure of the water around it. On the inner hull, the boat will be very light, so light indeed that in case of any injury to the machinery, etc., there will be no danger, for it will itself rise to the surface of the water."

"How will the inhabitants of your little craft be accommodated?"

"Every thirty-eight hours it must come up for a long, deep breath," answered M. Apostoloff, smiling. "Practically, the only danger we have to fear is the outer shell, or corps touton, getting smothered, either by running up to a rock or encountering a whale. Still, a powerful electric light will shine through the belt of thick glass running around the boat and will illuminate the water depths above, below, and at a hundred yards all round us."

"And will the Plongeur always remain under water?"

"No, not necessarily so; but it is half out of the water the speed of the corps touton will be reduced by nearly half, the boat will proceed at a rate of eighty knots an hour instead of scuttling along at 120 knots an hour."

"Your invention will be chiefly useful for the purposes of maritime warfare?"

"I wish more to utilize my discovery for the purposes of commerce, but, of course, as a torpedo-boat, it will be valuable."

"And what will be the relative cost of your Bateau Plongeur in comparison to the ordinary torpedo boat?"

"Forty per cent. cheaper as far as the cost of construction is concerned, and 94 per cent. cheaper in actual working expense. Thus the 1000 worth of coal which goes to supply the torpedo boat will be replaced by 60 worth of gas, and more over. In fact, there will be practically no working expenses after the first installation."

"You can at least tell me one thing about your new motive power. Will it also supply the light?"

"Yes, it will."

"Have you ever thought of seriously adapting your Bateau Plongeur to passenger traffic?"

"Certainly. Think what it will be for a man of business to get to New York in twenty-six hours. Those who do not like the idea of being inside the shell will have to have a kind of platform attached to the extremities of two of my Bateaux Plongeurs."

"And do you propose to sell the patent to some one else?"

"Certainly not; or, rather, if I did, I should of course keep it for Russia, my own country."

HENRY W. GRADY.

True hearted friend of all true friends! Brother of all true brotherhoods!—The land and its life pressure now we understand and fully, as it falls this gestureless, And since this life into sweet excess Of sleep, sleep thou content!—Thy loved

Is wet with tears, as rain i sunshine; and through all the frozen North our eyes confess Like sorrow, seeing still the principle sign Set on the life of blood, and the light light Thrilled with the music of those lips of thine, And yet the fire thereof that lights the night With the white splendor of thy prophetic.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *Tribune*. New York, December 23, 1889.

He Shouted for the Wrong Man.

The Fayetteville centennial celebration of last month was one of the most notable events of recent years in North Carolina. The Marine Band was there. The principal attraction was Senator Ransom.

A score of prominent men sat on the platform, including Senators Vance and Ransom, a majority of the Congressional delegation, and other distinguished citizens. Governor Daniel Fowle made the introductions. He is a very deliberate and impressive speaker. Walking to the front he said in his most deliberate and impressive manner:

"Fellow Citizens: There is upon this platform to-day. A citizen of North Carolina. Whose name is a household word from the sea to the mountains. Learned, patriotic and eloquent. He has the honor. To represent the State of North Carolina. As one of her two representatives. In the Senate of the United States. I have the distinguished honor of presenting to you

Just then an enthusiast in the front row jumped up, shook his hat wildly, and yelled at the top of his voice:

"Hurrah for Zeb Vance!"

The crowd caught it up with a will and cheered him to the echo.

Hon. Senator Ransom," continued Governor Fowle, completing his sentence. Then Senator Ransom got up, pulled down his cuffs, walked forward, bowed and made his speech.

The evening one of Zeb Vance's admirers took the enthusiasts' shout: shorter into town and bought him a new suit of clothes.

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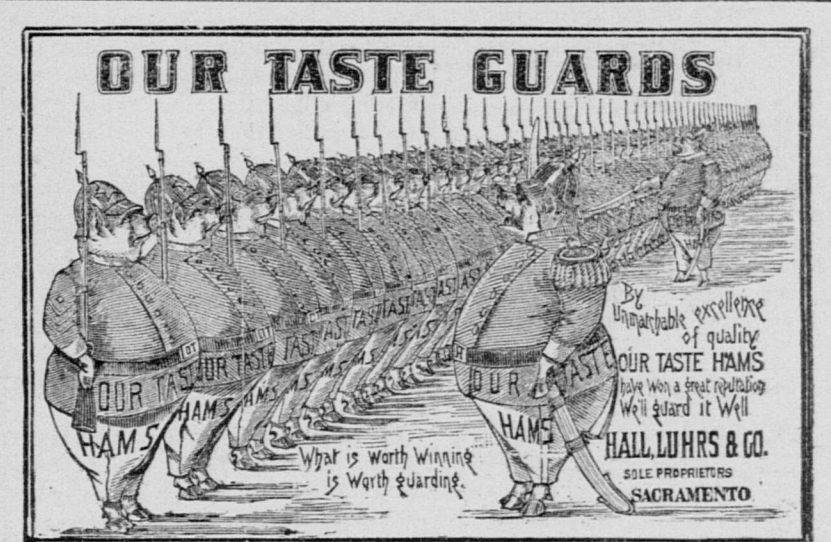
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Genuine Clearance Sale. Suits made to order from \$20. Pants made to order from \$5. Other garments in proportion.

This Sale is to Continue for SIXTY DAYS Only.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

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NOTICE. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 25th day of January, 1890, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of January, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Capital and Finance Company will be held at the office of the company, at 7 and Front streets, Sacramento, Cal., California, on the 25th day of January, 1890, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and to transact such business that may be presented for consideration.

C. H. HUMMINGBIRD, Secretary.



## DAILY RECORD-UNION

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home and general circulation throughout the

State.

San Francisco Agencies.

This paper is for sale at the following places:

L. P. Fisher's, room 21, Merchants' Exchange

California street, who is also sole Advertising

Agent for San Francisco; the principal News

Stands and Hotels, and at the Market Street

Ferry.

Also, for sale on all Trains leaving and

coming into Sacramento.

Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Heavy rain in the southern por-

tion; southwest wind; cooler in northern

portion; nearly stationary temperature in the

southern portion.

Oregon and Washington—Continued cold;

fair weather.

THE RIVER CONVENTION.

The call for the River Convention has

been sent out. It is not too early to sug-

gest, that people may think the matter over

at length, that when delegates come up to

the Convention its work may not be re-

tarded and its purpose crippled by taking

up any incidental questions. The one and

only purpose of the Convention is to press

upon the attention of the Federal Govern-

ment the need for the restoration of the

navigability of the river, and its protec-

tion from injury thereafter by reason of

neglect on the part of the Government. It

makes no difference whatever the meth-

ods that should be adopted for the accom-

plishment of the ends in view. The in-

stant the Convention enters upon the

consideration of such matters it will

flourish. The one thing is to commit the

Government to the proposition that the

river should be treated by it, and in a com-

prehensive and systematic manner. The

questions of means and method are second-

ary, and regardless of what the Convention

may say the Government will act in such

matters only after investigation by its own

engineers or Commissioners, and according

to their reports of the need for action of a

particular character.

Let the delegates come up to the Con-

vention fully impressed with the import-

ance of not overloading the memorial it is

to send out, with matter that will create

discussion on unsettled issues, or involve

this, that or the other system of work that

should be engaged in by the Federal Gov-

ernment. The question of reclamation,

of mining, of drainways, of relief

canals, of enlargement of the mouth of

the river, of cutting off bends, of levee-

ing, of dredging, and all such matters,

should be untouched by the Convention.

Let it present the facts as they are, the

value of the river as a free highway and

as a drain to the valley, its commercial

importance, its present condition com-

pared to that in the early days of the

State, and then appeal to Congress to

order its treatment solely on the basis of

restoring and preserving its navigability

to all the people of all the land. If the

Federal Government can be moved to do

what is unquestionably its duty, the pur-

pose of the Convention will have been ac-

complished. All the questions of means

and methods will be proper enough sub-

jects upon which to address the Commis-

sion that it is hoped the Government will

create for the treatment of the river, and

there will be time enough to discuss them

when such a Commission is raised. If,

however, the Convention gets into the

deep water of arguing the case in its mem-

orial as to causes or remedies, the result

will be disastrous. Let it be wise in its

day, and confine itself to the one great pur-

pose of its creation.

ACCUMULATING STRENGTH OF THE

BALLOT REFORM.

Ballot reform agitation is rapidly spread-

ing, and is engaging daily more and more

the attention of the people. It is by per-

sistence only that its ends are to be ac-

complished. Its enemies are not few, and

the devices to which they will resort to pre-

vent its adoption are those of the trickier

politicians. What they most fear is the

agitation of the subject, since they well

know that the legislation of a State must

sooner or later reflect the sentiment of the

people behind the legislative body. For

this reason the enemies of the reform de-

plore the prominence the press of the

country is now giving the subject, and are

bestirring themselves to prevent, so far as

they can, the education of the public

mind upon the question through the

newspaper press. Unless all estimates of

the future are wrong, as forecast by the

ballot reformers, the new system has come

to stay, and will, before the close of the

century, be enacted into law in every

State of the Union. The testimony accum-

ulates of the growing strength of the

reform sentiment, as the following compila-

tion reveals, and which is additional to

that already published in these columns.

The Albany Argus, Democratic, pro-

nouncing it as follows:

We hope that an honest ballot bill, based

on the essentials of the Australian system, may

be enacted. The practical working of the

ballot laws of various States, and the yearning

of a kind of positive information to determine

the form of a measure for this State.

Governor Green, of New Jersey, pro-

pounds for the reform system, saying:

No other plan seems to offer so many advan-

tages as the complete isolation of the voter in

preparing and casting his ballot. In order

to make this isolation complete the tickets should

be printed at public expense and given to the

voter by a public officer just before voting.

In April the new system goes into effect

in Rhode Island, and the officials of that

commonwealth say that the people are all

unanimous in favor of retaining the new

law upon the statute book.

In Missouri the new system applies to

all cities having over five thousand in-

habitants. The testimony is that the leading

sentiment now demands that it shall be

applied to all voting precincts. In Mis-

souri the law provides that the name of no

candidate other than those nominated by

conventions of delegates shall be printed

on the ticket unless accompanied by a peti-

tion signed by one per cent. of the total

vote of the previous election in the State

or county where the candidate is running.

Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia,

favors the system, with some modifications,

for his State, and will bring the matter be-

fore the Legislature.

The New York Herald's correspondent

says that it is practically certain that the

latest modifications of reform methods of

balloting will be adopted in Iowa this win-

ter. The new Governor has declared em-

phatically in favor of them; and the

Democratic platform at the late election

pledged its party to the passage of such

laws.

Governor Eagle and the State officials of

Arkansas pronounce emphatically in favor

of the system. They say that it was not

due to any objections to it that the bill

embodying it did not pass the houses of

the last Legislature.

In Tennessee the popular will favors the

system. Governor Taylor says that the

law which established it in Tennessee has

not as yet been fairly tested. He adds:

But it has been sufficiently demonstrated

that it is a good law and will eventually be

adopted in every State of the Union. It ought

to be universal in its application. It would

purify the ballot-box, and would make fraud

impossible, if not altogether impracticable.

Minnesota has adopted the new system,

and Governor Keyes, who signed the bill,

says:

It is the best means yet devised to reach a

fair test of the wishes of the people. Men who

have sufficient brains to read and think for

themselves need not under the new law be

under the surveillance of ward bosses. The ignorant

and dishonest are in about the same con-

dition as before. No voting law has yet been

devised which can put them beyond the wiles

of political trickery. It is only in force in

Minnesota cities of 10,000 or more inhabitants.

It has been tested in local elections in Minn-

nesota, Illinois, and Ohio, and strange to say

it is commended by the managers of both great

parties and the people.

In Maine the Mayors of every city and

town have been "interviewed" upon the

subject, and all of them declare that the

people insist upon the establishment of the

new system.

In West Virginia Governor Wilson, in

calling a special session of the Legislature,

includes, as one of the matters to be con-

sidered, the framing of a new ballot law

on the model of the reform system. The

reports from West Virginia are that the

sentiment favoring such action predomi-

nates largely. Kentucky, Iowa, Maryland,

Wisconsin, Mississippi, Arkansas, New

York and Delaware are looked upon as

certain to adopt the system as soon as the

bills can be got before the Legislature.

These added to the seven States that have

already adopted the new method of ballot-

ing will make a force for it, that it is

scarcely possible the opposing elements in

other States can long resist.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FRANCHISE.

Referring again to the electric light

franchise now in process of passage by the

Board of City Trustees, we wish to im-

press upon the minds of the people the

danger of granting any such franchise for

the term of fifty years, and the grave mis-

take it will be to grant it for any term

short than may carefully considered and

clearly expressed restrictions.

We are not opposed, let it be under-

stood, to the granting of this franchise.

On the contrary, it ought to be granted

under proper restrictions, irrespective of

any position that may possibly develop,

or that has been shown by existing com-

panies. Our suggestions do not arise out

of any animosity to the new

scheme. We stand for the best interests

of the people of the city of Sacramento,

and the course of the RECORD-UNION all

these years should be the best guarantee

of its sincerity in this matter. We there-

fore warn the people once more that there

is about to be granted for the period of

half a century, from their bounty, a right

with which they cannot thereafter at all

interfere, to use the streets, alleys and av-

enues of Sacramento above and below

ground, for any and all possible purposes

that the grantees may see fit in the use of

electricity as an agent for money making;

that to this grant there does not attach a

solitary restriction; not even as ordinary

as one as requires a political committee to

clear up the spot on which it builds a bon-

fire in the street.

It does not seem possible that any body

of men having the city's interests in their

keeping, under the solemnity of their

oaths can commit such a folly as granting

the franchise in its present form. We are

but upon the threshold of electrical dis-

covery; what even a year may bring forth

in that direction no man can forecast; we

are prepared to receive almost any propo-

sition as to the uses of electricity and its

power as possible, in the light and history

of the advance of the science in the last

dozen years. It is the height of folly, there-

fore, to grant to any body of citizens, no

matter what their social and business

standing, absolutely unrestricted right to

use the highways of the city as they see

fit, for any future application of electrical

currents. We ought to retain to the city the

right at any time to modify the corpora-

tion of the streets by such a method of

this State for a public fast, thanksgiving,

or holiday," etc.

The Rev. Henry A. Adams, rector of St.

Paul's Church, Buffalo, at one time rector

of Trinity Church, New York city, at-

tended the Press Club dinner in that city

a few nights ago, and in speaking of the

press said: "In nine cases out of ten











## HARBORING A TRAMP.

It was near night of a raw, gloomy day in the autumn of 1886 that a seedy-looking tramp turned up at a lonely farm house on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, and asked for something to eat and a place to sleep. A widow with two children, a son and a daughter, lived there. The son, a young man of twenty-two, had gone to Marysville with a small drove of cattle, which he expected to dispose of in that place in time to reach home in an early hour in the evening, and he intended to bring the proceeds of the sale with him. The daughter, a rather pretty girl of nineteen, was delicate and timid.

"I'll give you what you want to eat," said the widow, whose name was Chalmers, after she had looked the man carefully over and taken a little time for reflection; "but as for lodging you, I wouldn't like to agree to that before consulting my son, who may not be home till 8 or 9 o'clock."

"How far is it to the next house?" he asked.

"Nearly two miles."

"And night just coming on," returned the other. "I don't like tramping a lonely road after dark. Won't you let me stay till your son comes home and take my chance with him?"

"I don't know that I ought to object to that," was the somewhat reluctant consent of Mrs. Chalmers.

She gave the tramp a good supper and persuaded him to sit by the general fire—she or her daughter, one or both, being constantly in the room. Eight o'clock, 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock came, and the son and brother had not returned. Soon after the latter hour, however, he rode up to the door. After some warm greetings on both sides, and brief explanation that he had been delayed in starting, while the darkness and condition of the road, compelled him to move slowly, he proceeded to stable and fed his horse, and then came in. On seeing the tramp and learning why he was there he felt more uneasy than he cared to show, for he had brought home with him a considerable amount of money. His decision, however, was prompt and full of the kindness of charity. After two or three pointed questions to the unwilling stranger, which were satisfactorily answered, he said:

"Certainly you can stay through the night. I could not find it in my heart to turn a right well-behaved human being on a night like this."

"Thank you kindly, sir," politely responded the tramp. "You will not regret your hospitality."

The language and manners of the poor fellow indicated a certain degree of refined culture not in keeping with his present forlorn appearance, and while the young host ate his supper he held a conversation with him which convinced him of this fact. His first intention was to throw down some horse blankets and robes, and let him camp down before the fire, but this design was altered, and he called for the man's antecedents, and so he finally lighted him to a decent bed up stairs under the roof, and then he and the family retired for the night, occupying two rooms on the ground floor. While these things were taking place inside that lonely farm house some things were occurring outside that vitally concerned the parties we have introduced. Two men met in the road a few rods from the dwelling and conversed in low, guarded tones.

"Well," queried one.

"All right," answered the other. "He's home and got the money with him. There is \$1,700 I know about, that I know he brought away with him for sure, and that ought to pay us for the venture, if we don't get any more."

"All right, then. When shall we begin?"

"I reckon between 12 and 1 o'clock will be the best time. He's been home about long enough to get his supper and turn in, and after the long hard day and night he's had of it we can give him a chance to get sound asleep."

The plotters got under a shed and waited till the time fixed upon for their burglarious work. There were no shutters to the windows—only inside fastenings. To enter they decided to cut out a middle pane of one of the two family-room windows, pass an arm through, remove the fastenings and crawl through the lower half. Then the two burglars, their faces concealed by black masks, worked their way into the room, flashed a light all around them from the bull's-eye of the lantern they carried, and noiselessly advanced to the bed of the sleeper—one prepared with chloroform to seal up his senses, but both ready to murder him rather than fail in their purpose. Just at that critical point of time another human figure, unseen by them, came silently gliding through the darkness and stealing up behind them. It was the tramp. In his hand he held a rope with a noose at one end, not unlike a lasso. He stopped so near the midnight prowlers that he could have touched them. The robbers, both intent upon their evil design, did not look behind them. They stopped close to the bed of the sleeping man, one looking over the shoulder of the other. The forward one had a handkerchief in one hand saturated with chloroform and in the other hand the lantern, whose light he streamed full upon the face of the sleeper.

Just as he reached forward to press the handkerchief to the nostrils of the intended victim the second robber, armed with a knife and revolver, prepared for the deadly assault, brought his head close up to his companion's, the better to see the slightest movement. At that moment the tramp skillfully threw his noose over the heads of both. Then, with a vigorous backward spring, he tightened the noose around the necks of both and jerked them down—stumbling, floundering, crashing, surprised, terrified and almost strangled.

"Surrender and throw down your weapons or I'll beat your brains out!" cried the tramp, as he jerked and pulled upon the rope, in order to strangle the scoundrels into submission. The answer was three pistol shots from the man who held the revolver, neither of which hit the tramp, but one of which entered the brain of his companion and ended his wicked work for this world. The noise roused the sleeper, who started up in alarm, with loud cries of murder and for help. This, in turn, set the women to shrieking, and the late silent and peaceful dwelling became for the time a bedlam of horrors.

"Keep quiet, Mr. Chalmers; you shall not be harmed," said the tramp, as stilling at the noise, he pounded the head of the living robber with the butt of his revolver till he sank under the blows. "Now get a light," he continued, "or turn the light of the villains' lantern upon their faces and see what your tramp has done for you."

It took some minutes to make George Chalmers, his mother and sister understand the true state of the case—that the man to whom they had given shelter had saved them from being robbed, if not murdered. But what was their further amazement and horror to discover that the dead burglar and the living burglar were both long been intimate, and whose reputations stood high as well-to-do, upright, honorable men.

When they came to pour out their profane thanks to the tramp for his courageous and timely interference in their behalf, he quietly responded:

"You have much to thank me for, it is true, because you would certainly have been robbed, if not killed, if I had not been under your roof; but you have to thank me for it in a different way than you suppose. I'm not here by accident, but design. I'm no tramp, but a detective.

I've had my eye on these villains for some time, but needed proof before arresting them. By chance I overheard a plot to rob George Chalmers the night he should get paid for his cattle, and I worked out the rest, as you see. This villain, Samuel Jennings, nodding to the now tightly-bound living robber, 'must either go to the State Prison or the gallows.'

"Neither, you miserable scamp!" cried the man, with a long string of blasphemous oaths.

He never did, for on the day of the Conjuror's request, his companion he found hanged and dead. On removing his false hair and beard the tramp detective was found to be a handsome fellow. A warm friendship sprang up between him and George Chalmers, and shortly after a warmer one between him and Mary Chalmers. It seems enough to merely add that she is now his happy, grateful and loving wife.— *Toledo Blade.*

## LABOR TOPICS.

The London strike made 100,000 trade unionists.

Of our 4,500,000 farmers 1,000,000 are organized.

England's unions have decided to discontinue piece work.

Snyder's knitting hands, at Amsterdam, N.Y., cut 10 per cent.

San Francisco building trades will form an eight-hour league.

The C. & N. P. Railroad Commission says girls under 18 are employed in a factory that deals in obscene literature.

The workmen of Victoria will erect a \$25,000 monument in honor of the triumph of the eight-hour day.

Some of the horsemen who refused a charter of incorporation, on the ground that the Union was to regulate wages, etc., in Germany the law makes servants give one month's notice before leaving. The mistress must give similar notice before a discharge.

Sidell & Walton, of Philadelphia, contemplate the erection of a cotton factory at Anniston, Ala. A factory of 600 by 100 feet is to be built at Florence. The latter concern is to have a capital stock of \$500,000.

It is reported that John Burns, the leader of the great London dock strike, will visit this country. He is expected to arrive early in February, and will deliver a series of lectures under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor.

The largest manufactory of wheelbarrows in the United States is located at Lansing, Michigan. It consumes 1,500,000 feet of lumber annually, and turns out 50,000 wheelbarrows. Five thousand wheelbarrows were recently shipped from this factory to Nicaragua to be used on the canal.

## Dishes Fit for Queens.

A Frenchman has been collecting data in regard to the dishes which the feminine rulers of European countries prefer upon their tables. According to his statements, Queen Victoria is especially fond of the Scotch cuisine. Her meal is invariably begun with a plate of oatmeal porridge, and then to the palate of the Highlander. One of her favorite dishes is smoked ham. She drinks beer with great gusto, and eats bread baked especially hard and firm. The Queen of Sweden eats substantial food, consisting of meat, potatoes, which is the staple part of each meal's bill-of-fare. She is also fond of smoked salmon, preserved according to the method of her country; of meat balls dressed with beans, and of eggs fried in milk and oil. The Court of Germany, strange to say, despite the German names of the dishes, is addicted to the French cuisine. The Empress Frederick, however, prefers the English cookery and is especially fond of pastry.

The royal family of Italy, although in many ways the simplest and most democratic in Europe, always dine from dishes of gold. They only drink the wine of their own country, and show great preference for the "fritto," a dish composed of the hearts of artichokes and the combs and bones of chickens. The Queen of Spain loves the "cochido" of Castile, with all its accessories. She also eats daily a portion of rice. The Queen Regent of Spain prefers the Austrian cuisine. She eats roasts of all kinds, with jellies, gossamer jelly being one of her favorite favorites. During the earlier days of her life in Spain she ate only one kind of bread, which was sent to her from Vienna. Of late years, however, probably in keeping with her patriotic endeavors, she eats the bread of her country.

## Difference in Fogs.

A correspondent wishing to decide a bet wants to know the difference between a London fog, a New York fog, a Chicago fog and a San Francisco fog. There isn't any. Fogs are bad things to bet on, but in the end, like horses, they are all alike. Some are worse than others, but they are all fogs for fog and they are all vapor. Some are vapor with just the least derived of a little something else in them, and these are the white and fleecy sea fogs we Friscoise; while they of Chicago, what can they know of such, with salt water dried and sold in papers at the drug store on the corner. There is at best vapor from the great lakes, at less than best the exhalation of the fat black soil. And this, of course, they smoke thoroughly as does our Londoner, and then it is indeed a wonder of the world. According to altitude and foreign ingredients, such as smoke, London is accustomed to wearing its fogs in three shades. Black, as when the smoke blown slowly seaward for three days suddenly harks back with its friend the fog, and hanging high makes noon itself blacker than the darkest midnight. Peasoup, the genuine "London particular," is the most frequent of all and the most annoying, for it penetrates your very vitals, while no fog can pierce it; this is when the smoke-laden fog lies low. Then workmen walk on roofs, pedestrians stray to the Thames or the Surrey canal, and strong men, even oxen, have been known to die. Once it killed a hippopotamus. After this the white fog, fresh from the sea or the exhalation of the damp soil, comes. There is at best vapor from the smoke has gone off before a brisk wind and fellows in its wake with a lull or calm, or at least without a change. "Are you answered?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## The Thimble in History.

Lady, did you ever take the trouble to look at the history of the curious little bell-shaped, indented piece of metal you wear on your finger when sewing, and "kibble?" It is a Dutch invention and was first taken to England in 1693 by one Warner. There is at best vapor from the words thimble and bell, being for a long time worn on that member and called the thimble; but within the last 150 years the word "evolved" into thimble. All old records say that the thimble was first worn on the thumb, but we can scarcely conceive how they would be of much use there. Formerly they were made of brass and iron only, but of late years steel, iron, gold, horn, ivory, celluloid and even pearl and glass have been used in their manufacture. A thimble owned by the Queen Consort of Siam is shaped like a lotus of solid gold, thickly studded with diamonds, which are so arranged as to form the lady's name and the date of her birth and marriage. Queen Victoria has a very valuable gold and diamond-set thimble upon which are engraved many historic scenes from English history.

If you suffer picking pains on moving the eyes, or cannot bear bright light, and find your sight weak and failing, you should promptly use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. Twenty-five cents a box.

## INCIDENT AT A COURT BALL.

An American Girl Vanquishes a Russian.

[From the Washington Post.]

The following is a narrative of an incident which occurred in St. Petersburg some years ago. The American lady concerned is the daughter of a prominent public benefactor, and has ever been a social leader in society, is the wife of a leading Republican statesman and would be recognized instantly if her name might be mentioned.

A grand reception was in progress at the palace of the high Russian dignitary. Members of the Cabinet, Generals of the army, Grand Dukes, the nobility of the empire, and the diplomatic corps were present. It was a notable affair. Four young ladies—three Russian and one American—had gathered into a little room screened in palms, and were discussing in French the dowry appearance of a high court lady. Some eavesdropper caught their remarks and bore them to the criticized lady. She in turn reported the conversation to a noble Duchess, who held the post of "Mistress of Etiquette." She retired to a private room and had the four culprits summoned before her. They appeared, the Russian girls in fear and trembling, the American calm and self-possessed.

"Young ladies," said she, "you have been commenting discourteously upon the personal appearance of Lady —. You have committed a grave breach of etiquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of etiquette to punish you. Olga, your slipper."

The trembling Olga took off her slipper and meekly received a sound punishment of the kind confined in America exclusively to the nursery.

"Katie it is your turn. Give me your slipper!" said the inexorable duchess, as the weeping Olga arose from her castigation. Katie took her gruel with audible lamentations, and Tania followed the suffering Katie.

All the while the American girl watched and waited. The indignities thrust upon her companions roused the Hall Columbia in her. Her eyes flashed and her little fists clenched with excitement.

"It is your turn now," said the mistress of etiquette to the fair American, "your slipper, please."

Columbia's blood was up. There was fighting stock back of her for generations. She removed her slipper and drew near, but she held the slipper by the toe. At proper range she swung the missile and struck the old lady in the mouth, and then, as if by magic, she sailed in. Lace, feathers and fur flew. Fingers snatched fished back. Gray hair and the St. Petersburg fashions of 1863 filled the air. The screams of the thoroughly frightened mistress of etiquette brought a crowd.

The three Russian girls, battered down, the American girl, battered up, were screaming in their respective corners. The old lady was hors de combat, and a fiery goddess of the room, waving a tuft of gray hair in one hand and a jeweled hair-slugger, with which she had been trying to stab the Russian, in the other.

The mistress of etiquette fairly screamed with impotent rage, showered maledictions in broken French, German and Russian upon her conqueror, and demanded that the most congenial punishment be meted out to her. The matter was carried to the czar. Nicholas made a pretense of punishing the young lady by issuing some orders against her appearing at any ball for a certain period, but the old lady, who was a friend indeed, refused to obey. He showed the most embarrassing presents upon the American, beautiful slippers of every kind and description, silver slippers and gold slippers, and finally wound up by sending her a hair dagger set with diamonds.

## RIDING WITH SNAKES.

The "Rattles" Wanted the Saddles and They Got Them.

There is a man who may be seen in the Fifth-avenue Hotel on almost any evening who can tell a good story at a man's table. The peculiar merit of his stories lies in the fact that he never apologizes for them, and never prefaces his narratives with a declaration that they are true. Here is one of his snake stories, repeated here just as it was told to the writer, for what it was worth, without any explanation.

"When I was in Southern Kansas some years ago, near Wagoner Springs, on the Cimarron river, I got a letter from my sister, who lives in New York, asking me to get her a dried skin of a rattlesnake, which she wanted to have made into a belt. There were rattlesnakes everywhere around the Springs, and I had to wait until I found one big enough to suit her purpose. While riding out one afternoon I saw just the one I wanted, and getting down from my horse, I pounded the snake with my cane—guilt that the snake was about to camp. When I told Joe Terrel about the snake he thought he would like one, too, so we started to the place together. My snake was still sticking in the sand when we got to the place. We hunted around for one for Joe, found it and beat it until it was dead.

"The most convenient way of carrying them was to tie them by the tails to the strings dangling from the saddle, and, after doing this, I turned out riding at a sharp gallop to get there in time for supper. Joe was riding a few yards ahead of me, when suddenly I heard him give a cry, and the next moment I saw him go head foremost from his saddle, rolling over and over on the prairie. I looked at that snake, he yelled when I rode up to him. His head had reared itself and his head was directly over the saddle, the mouth wide open, and the eyes piercing out from the bruised head gleaming fiercely. I set a loud laugh at Joe, for he was frightened like a child, but while my sides were still shaking, he cried out: 'Look out for your own rattler.' 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